

# The Unfortunate Lover :

O R,

Merry *A N D R E W*'s sad and wofull Lamentation  
on for the Loss of his Sweetheart *J O A N*.

To the Tune of, *I marry and thank ye too.*

Licensed according to Order.



**A** Las I am come to Town,  
and here make pitifull moan,  
For having rambled up and down  
can't find out my true Love Joan.

I came to Bartholomew Fair,  
and search'd that Place alone,  
Expecting to have found her there,  
my delicate Sweetheart Joan.



I am in a pitifull Case,  
and shall be overthown,  
I have made many a sowre face,  
for want of my true Love Joan.

In Bed I can take no rest,  
but tumble and tols abne,  
A thousand Torments in my Breast  
for want of my Sweetheart Joan.

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To Love I am so enclin'd,  
and daily do make sad moan,  
And quite distracted in my mind,  
for want of my true Love Joan.

She's as sweet as a sucking Pig,  
for her I do make my moan;  
I long to Dance the Wedding-Ig  
along with my Sweetheart Joan.

I wander the silent Globe,  
and make most piteous moan,  
I am over head and ears in Love,  
and all for my Sweetheart Joan.

For she was as sweet a bit,  
as eber by me was known,  
Her precious Smiles I can't forget,  
Oh, where is my Sweetheart Joan.

Her Lips they were Cherry red,  
she had but one fault alope,  
A little Child e'er she was Wled,  
my delicate Sweetheart Joan.

I like her never the worse,  
the Child's a Champion grown,  
By being well brought up at Nurse,  
But where is my Sweetheart Joan:

To speak of her Beauty bright,  
there hardly is such a One,  
Her pleasant Charms do's dim my sight,  
my delicate Sweetheart Joan.

At once she looks North and South,  
her Beauty I needs must own,  
She has a pretty Sparrows Mouth,  
my delicate Sweetheart Joan.

Her pretty sweet Beetle-brow,  
but Teeth she has not one,  
She is as slender as a Coto,  
my delicate Sweetheart Joan.

Her Hair's as black as a Cole,  
for her I do make sad moan,  
I fear some Lord or Earl has stole  
my delicate Sweetheart Joan.